LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 1337
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

The Breakdown of American Marriage

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THE BREAKDOWN OF AMERICAN MARRIAGE

I. THE ROOT OF FAILURE IN MARRIAGE

The Marital State as the Martial State.—All the world loves a lover; and the world finds few married people to love. In general, with the putting on of the marital chains, they have ceased to function as lovers. The old nursery rhyme has it,

> Needles and pins, needles and pins,
> When a man's married, his trouble begins.

So it ordinarily is with a woman's trouble, as well; and with the troubles of the children, should they, and when they, come. Once it was commonly held that marriages were made in heaven; and, in that age, man was a tyrant at home, mistreating wife and children, knowing that they could not rebel, nor even speak aloud their unhappiness. Today we know that marriages are not made in heaven, but in the bedroom; and this more earthly origin of the union has caused man and woman to broadcast to the universe the bankruptcy of the system.

When Shakespeare wrote,

> Let me not to the marriage of true minds
> Admit impediments. Love is not love
> Which alters when it alteration finds. . . .
> Love alters not with (Time's) brief hours and weeks,
> But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

This is all pretty enough, and all untrue, as millions of cases attest. What was love, before marriage, alters to something far darker afterwards. The romantic youth disappears, to be replaced by a man who walks around the house in his vest or his suspenders, who leaves his pipes or cigar butts all over everything, who is as tight as a tick in money, and as meager as an unripe persimmon in kisses. Once he had eyes for nobody but the girl who has become his wife; and now he has eyes for every deciduous petticoat in sight. The girl has been transmogrified as fully. Instead of the dream woman, she appears as so many pounds of imbecilic cantankerousness, a hideous sight in the morning, a sloppy housekeeper, an idiot in keeping her family accounts straight, a moron with regard to the man's business and all the general topics he finds so interesting. Once she told her man he was the dearest, most generous thing in the world: now it's, "Mrs. Jones's husband gave her a new fur coat this fall; Mrs. Smith's gives her twenty dollars a week spending money; Mr. Rosenberg gave Rachel an emerald bracelet, only last week; and all you give me is halitosis."

A typical conversation. The husband opens it, "Well, I think we're going to land that Canadian contract. They're nibbling; and it's a big thing—good money for everybody in the office."

Wife observes him thoughtfully. "That Mae Scott had on a new hat today—the cheapest, shoddiest hat I ever saw!"

Husband sighs. "The Yankees have a fine chance to win the pennant next year, if only Babe Ruth can keep his stride."

Wife, not hearing at all: "Oh, did I remember to ask you to phone Butler's for three cakes of laundry soap? What do you think—old Miss' Meggs said the new Baptist preacher called on Mrs. Woodson, while her husband was away, and stayed in the house twenty-five minutes!"

A grunt. "I see by the paper that Einstein—"

Wife, hurriedly: "That reminds me, we must get Greenstein the plumber to fix that leaky valve in the sink."

And so it goes: the world of business, the world of abstractions, the world of athletics, a locked book to the wife; her microscopic gossippy concerns of no interest whatever to the husband. And increasingly it is just the other way. The husband knows nothing but the two plus two of business; the brainier wife, with time on her hands, keeps up with the new books, plays, music, and gains culture while he contracts curvature of the spine bending over his office ledgers.

Most dreadful of all, the one primary reason for the mating—the physical intercourse—long a nightmare, has at last been lifted, tentatively, into the light: and a nightmare it proves itself to be. Samuel Hoffenstein, the brilliant author of *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing*, shows how the world speaks of what was once food for silence only:

I yodel a bachelor life;
I sing of the joys of the single;
I scoff at a man with a wife,
And laugh at the thought that they mingle. . . .

I am free of the fear of the wed
(For the female's capricious in temper)
That, at last, the inviolate bed
Will enact the familiar *sic semper.*

This is worded carefully; but evidently the familiar "thus always" of marital intercourse is nothing to be relished, in most marriages. Again we call Hoffenstein to the bat:

> When you're away, I'm restless, lonely,
> Wretched, bored, dejected; only
> Here's the rub, my darling dear—
> I feel the same when you are here.

We have made marriage easy. The age of consent is low, and may be waived usually by the parents. A church wedding will do; a civil wedding, with some cheap fat cigar-chewing alderman pronouncing the words that unite man and wife, will do; in many places, a common law living together, usually with a statement before witnesses that the pair regard each other as man and wife, will do. Marriage is easy: and unhappiness is almost as easy. We have made divorce difficult, in the endeavor to hold together couples evidently reluctant—or there would be no need of laws against divorce. South Carolina permits no divorce; New York State allows it on grounds of adultery only, producing an annual Everest of perjured affidavits and testimony; there are other strict states. The result appears from a few figures. In 55 years, the number of di-

vorces in the United States has increased 1500 per cent; in 40 years, it has increased 800 per cent; while, during the same 40 years, the number of marriages has barely doubled. Today, for every 100 marriages in the United States, there are over 15 divorces. England, with nearly half our population, has annually less than 2,500 divorces, to 175,000 in the United States: 2,500 divorces only, accompanying over 400,000 marriages. Other countries, like Switzerland, with a more liberal law, making divorce easier, have a far smaller divorce rate.

Our divorces indicate only the extreme cases of unhappiness in marriage; and not all of them. Some of the worst cases, for religious, geographical, financial, social, or other reasons, never appear in the divorce courts. Thousands of other unhappy marriages should appear there, and do not. Thousands of mates who are divorced are thereafter unhappy, because of churchly or secular law forbidding remarriage of divorced persons. There is, in the average married couple in America, at best a tolerance of the condition, rather than love; below this, a complete tepidity and lack of interest in the married state; and, lowest of all, a general unhappiness.

This is all wrong, all immoral, all removable, by the use of some common sense in marriage. It is time for—

A Stock-Taking of The Marriage Situation.—Perhaps the major weakness in the marriage situation is a lack of clear thinking in advance,

or, indeed, at any stage of the relationship. Let us turn our attention to that fundamental thing, the aim of the parties in contracting the marriage.

First of all, examine the life philosophy of the persons involved, whether they include yourself, your mate, your prospective mate, or some other married couples or marriage prospects. If the life philosophy is an acceptance of suffering on earth, with heavenly joys as a compensation, then the marriage may go ahead: for unhappiness is desired, theoretically, in such cases, since heavenly raptures will repay for the sorrows below. Such people need no common sense in marriage: they march ahead, eyes open, toward earthly unhappiness.

If the life philosophy is more intelligent, and seeks as its aim a continuation and increase of happiness on earth, then the need for stock-taking comes in. What, in such cases, is the aim of the marriage?

The simplest marriage is that involving two persons primarily, where children are not desired, and there is no intention of having them: and where parents, relatives, friends, boarders, and the like, are to be excluded from any interference in the marital experiment. Now get to work and use your brain. What is the purpose of this two-person mating?—outside, that is, of physical and mental happiness to the two involved? Is it to provide for joint careers, or two careers, for husband and wife alike? If so, every step in the relationship must intelligently conduce to this.

Or, as often, is it to provide for a career for the husband only, in business or profession, politics, or what not; with the wife as domestic manager and home-maker? This must be worked out in advance, or at whatever stage the stock-taking takes place. This is a satisfactory arrangement, if both parties wish it; but the purpose of the survey is to make sure just what the two parties do wish. In rarer cases, the intention is to let the wife make the career, while the husband remains domestic. And always, in such a stock-taking, two more questions must be asked: does the marriage, or will the marriage, give a sufficient place for both parties to continue their education—that is, to continue learning the world; and, second, does the marriage, or does it promise to, be for the happiness of both parties?

Most marriages intend to include more than two persons; and the matter of children must be faced squarely. Where are they to fit in? Will the place accorded them be fair to the husband; to the wife; to the intended children? And what about other outsiders—mothers, relatives, friends, boarders; how are they to fit in, or how do they fit in?

If you are willing to make the stock-taking of the actual or prospective marriage seriously, here is the questionnaire that has been used for the purpose. Write down the answers honestly to each question, and you can see at a glance whether the marriage is a success or not.

QUESTIONNAIRE ON SUCCESS IN MARRIAGE

I. *Compatibility.*

1. Are husband and wife compatible in age? This does not mean are they the same age? Most men want a wife younger than themselves; a few want one older. Women are ordinarily the opposite. Too great a difference, either way, rarely succeeds.

2. Have they similar cultural backgrounds?

3. Are they similar in race?

4. Are they similar in religion?

5. Is either of them a fanatic, on religion or anything?

6. Are they physically suited to one another? This is a difficult question, for any but the parties themselves to answer. They will know. To answer "Yes" to this, calls for a definite thrill caused by the mere nearness of the other party. It often springs out of dissimilarity in appearance, coloring, etc.

7. Are they mentally suited to each other?

8. Have they similar capacities for mental growth?

9. List how many people you (that is, either party to the union) would prefer as a mate to the present or proposed one.

This is important. If there is one, or more, who seems more attractive in every way than the present or proposed spouse, unhappiness may come from observing this. The idea is probably a delusion; the only cure, an actual trial, is at times difficult. A careful question-

naire on both parties, the spouse and the other one, often establishes that the idea of the other's superiority is a delusion.

II. *Aims.*

10. What is the main interest of the husband?

11. What things are more important to him than his wife?

12. What is the main interest of the wife?

13. What things are more important to her than the husband?

14. Are the children put ahead of the spouse? The purpose of marriage is to conduce to the happiness of the contracting parties primarily, and of the children after this. If the answer to 14 is "Yes," there is an inevitable element of unhappiness in the marital relationship.

15. Does the marriage contribute to the husband's aim in life, or hinder it?

16. Does the marriage contribute to the wife's aim in life, or hinder it?

17. How far does marriage interfere with the aim?

18. Is this removable inside the marital state?

19. Are steps being taken to remove it?

20. Are the mates a unit against the world in this?

III. *Happiness.*

21. Do you like marriage, endure it, or hate it?

22. Why?

23. What are its advantages?

24. What are its disadvantages?
25. Which are the greater?
26. If the disadvantages, are these removable?
27. What steps are being taken to remove these?
28. Does marriage aid or harm financially?
29. Does it aid or harm socially?
30. Does it aid or harm intellectually?
31. Are the mates an absolute unit against the world?

IV. *Love.*

32. Does the honeymoon still continue?
33. Are any survivals of it left?
34. Any efforts to revive it?
35. How often is honest affection expressed?
36. How often do the parties mate physically?
37. Does this satisfy the husband?
38. Does this satisfy the wife?
39. If not, any steps toward remedying the situation?

This is an important series of questions. A husband, troubled over unhappiness, in consultation with me last evening, was evasive in answer to these questions. At last he said, in praising the importance of mental contacts and achievements, "What is love, anyhow? A brief 15 minutes a week." And then he stopped: he realized that he had answered honestly at last. 36. Once a week. 37. Yes. 38. No—he admitted that this was the case. Whereupon he had 39 to face: to take steps to

improve the situation. No law can be laid down for any couple; they must experiment for themselves.

V. *Quarrels.*

40. How often are there quarrels?

41. List the causes of the 5 most recent quarrels.

42. Are these real causes, or symptoms?

Most quarrels in marriage are based superficially on symptoms. When husband and wife squabble violently over the toast's being burnt; or just which side of Main Street a certain number is; or just what "polyhedral" means, these are symptoms of underlying dissatisfactions.

43. How far are the symptoms removable?

44. How far are the real causes removable?

45. Any step toward removing them?

VI. *Causes of Quarrels.*

46. What temperamental differences between the mates in their life's philosophies?

47. What differences in their moral code: attitude toward petty thefts, lying to each other or to outsiders, etc.?

Put down honestly the difference. There should be none; the resultant code should be a compromise acceptable to both parties.

48. Has either mate annoying idiosyncrasies? Such as appearing in vest, or suspenders, or without shoes, or in a dirty housedress; clearing the throat too loudly; coughing too loudly; snoring; failure to bathe, or bathe the feet, constantly; peculiar methods of eating or

drinking. These are perhaps the most common squabbling-ground of all. They are always removable, if real affection exists.

49. Has either mate annoying practices, such as over-drinking, card-playing, etc.?

50. Has either mate annoying table manners, etiquette, tricks of speech, etc.?

These are constant sources of friction; and are all removable. But they must be hauled up to the light, and faced clear-eyed.

51. Is either mate dogmatic in speech: "This is so, I know it"; instead of, "It seems to me that this is so"?

Infinite marital unhappiness could be prevented by overcoming the childish habit of being dogmatic. Great scientists say always, "I don't know; I am inclined to think that that is the case"; why should far humbler brains be dogmatic? This must be absolutely eradicated, if it annoys the other mate at all.

52. Has either party the disease called jealousy? Jealousy is a disease; with most people, it is perhaps removable. An increase of happiness comes from removing it.

53. How does it manifest itself?

54. What has been the price of these manifestations in the past, in the way of broken friendships, etc.?

55. Do you consider the manifestations reasonable, or unreasonable?

This is important. If the offending party actually believes that reasonable grounds for the emotion were given, this is a step towards ending the tension. If the jealousy was un-

reasonable, the offending party must apologize honestly, and clear up the matter thereafter.

56. What steps have been taken to remove jealousy?

57. What is the family code about third parties?

58. Are relatives of either party permitted to dictate to either party?

59. If they impede, what steps have been taken to remove this cause of friction?

60. What liberties are permitted between one's mate and a third party?

61. Is flirting permitted? Kissing? What further?

Since neither man nor woman are in heart monogamous, as a rule, this is an important matter. Too great pressure against normal human action is poisonous for the future.

62. Are the parties secretive about this with each other, or do they present a united front to the world?

This is the hardest situation for most people to face. Secrecy is the common method: shutting one's eyes to what the other is doing in secret. But this means a division of the other's emotional nature, or libido. If the pair can present a united front on this matter, cause for real quarrel rarely exists.

63. Are both parties earners, or possessors of an income?

64. If either (ordinarily the husband) earns all the money, from the outside, does the mate have her separate income from this joint stock?

65. Do any quarrels come from money causes?

66. Is either party careless or spendthrift about money?

67. Is either party tight, or miserly, about money?

This must be faced. The careless spendthrift must agree, for the sake of the mating, to let the more cautious one control; the miser must let the other party direct the expenditure, since it pains him to do it. If a spendthrift and a miser are united, there is no hope for happiness, unless one can entirely subordinate his money nature.

68. Are the two parties a unit against the world?

This question, you see, reappears as the crux of the whole matter. We will soon see why this is so.

Laugh at this at first, if you wish; imagine it is "applesauce," or "bolony," or whatever you choose to call it; consider yourself above it, as a highbrow, with this a lowbrow matter. And then come back to it seriously and soberly, and give it a chance. It will teach you a lot about yourself, your mate, or the married persons you are studying. The road to marital happiness lies through intelligence; and this furnishes an intelligent method of visualizing the relationship. Let me repeat, try it on yourself. It will not take long. You will learn much from it.

Slightly modified, the questionnaire furnishes a delightful "honesty" game for any party. It will be amusing, as well as helpful.

Now we are going to take up these matters one by one, and see how they contribute to marital unhappiness.

II. STARTING MARRIAGE WRONG

Children of the Stork.—If divorces came to terminate the marriages of a generation and longer ago, they came at the end of a relatively long period—ten, fifteen, or twenty years of bickering trials and slow unhappiness. Marriages made within the last decade show a tendency to achieve a divorce in five, three, two, one year: the process of dissolution has been speeded up. This is an improvement, where unhappiness rules. And yet one underlying cause of unhappiness in both cases has hardly changed; and that is the matter of sexual education for the young.

I am a typical misproduct of the former system. My mother told me nothing whatever about sex, except to bind me by promise to "be a good boy." What was a good boy she never defined. My father said nothing to me on the subject, until I began to practice as a lawyer, at 22. Then he said curtly, "If you've got to have a woman, I advise you to go to a regular house of prostitution, rather than to a private woman. There's more chance of a mix-up, and of disease, with a private woman." That was absolutely all; although I tried to find out more from each of them. No other adult ever told me anything about sex, until I entered the socialist movement, a year later.

What early sexual education I had I re-

ceived from the gutter gossip of children my parents taught me to believe was "naughty." In common with every similar victim of lack of education in sex, I built up successively the most amazing mental ideas of just what sexual intercourse meant. During the course of being psychoanalyzed, I had to build back to each of these errors: and they were amusing. Most of the time, until I was eighteen, I believed that sexual intercourse consisted in some strange way of an act exactly similar to blowing up a bicycle tire with a bicycle pump. I had seen an occasional pregnant woman; she was expanded in size, like a bicycle tire; and I felt that the man must have done this. Such a feat then seemed beyond my wildest potential power; I knew no way that I could imitate a bicycle pump, or a young windstorm. This convinced me I must be different from other men, who were more gifted than I in this particular; and added to my inferiority complex.

I boasted to the other boys that I had had such and such a girl. And all the time I had not the slightest idea of how to go about the matter. The mechanics of intercourse was a sealed book to me.

At eighteen, a train butcher sold me those two trullhouse classics, "Only a Boy," and "The Birth of Passion." They were written to inflame the minds of young and old; their style was execrable—I knew that then; but they contained specific information. They educated me —theoretically. When I was married, seven years later, I had still never known woman;

nor did I understand how the process took place, beyond a supplemented theoretical knowledge, obtained by then from reading books on sex.

My wife knew much less. No elder person, woman or man, had ever instructed her, even theoretically. Her girl friends knew nothing, as subsequent talks with them made clear. I have found a large number of men who knew as little as I; although few who remained unpracticed as long as I.

These men, who knew nothing except garbled scraps of information received from their companions, were better off than a larger group of men, who were initiated into sex by prostitutes. A generation ago, almost every city in the United States had either a restricted or segregated prostitution district, or permitted street solicitation. New York had the latter; New Orleans, and most of the southern cities, had the districts; other cities had both. There were thousands of these women available; and they became the country's teachers in love practice. Love practice today, in perhaps a majority of our marriages, follows the ritual these feverish, overpainted, underpaid, diseased daughters of purchasable joy taught to the men. This ritual is the reverse of the normal. Its purpose was to thrill the woman as little as possible, instead of as much as possible; to spare the woman, since she still had a night's customers ahead of her. Proper love practice cannot be one-sided, as these women taught.

There was no source from which the men

and women of that generation could learn proper sex practice—if we exclude an infinitesimally small fraction of intelligent older men and women, who did some little to better the condition. Parents taught nothing, as a rule; schools taught nothing: botany, for instance, being ordinarily taught with sex in plants glossed over. The dictionary taught nothing: the boys and girls, young men and young women could look up *adultery*, *fornication*, *abortion*, *sex*, *intercourse*, *incest*, and the other kindred words, and find the definitions wholly unenlightening. Literature taught nothing: the few intelligent books on sexual practice were printed illegally and circulated contrary to our Puritanic law; and these few books were unobtainable by the average person. Parents, schools, dictionary, literature. . . . nothing but the misinformation and smut from gutter companions.

The present generation is a bit better off. Books on sex are bootlegged illegally more generally; education in the schools mentions sex in biology and botany; there are popularizations on the theme, such as the writings of Krafft-Ebing, Havelock Ellis, Ivan Bloch, Forel, Dr. Robie, the psychoanalysts, and many more. These all help: but they rarely contain an adequate explanation of the sexual act, and how it should be performed to the mutual happiness of the two parties concerned.

Two months ago, a couple, friends of mine, were married. The man had been on a Princeton football team; had been in the navy during

the war; knew a great line of so-called dirty jokes. The girl was a Junior Leaguer, who had petted a bit, but actually knew nothing specific about sex. A week before they were married, they were in our house, when a story with an un-Puritanic point was told. All laughed but the unmarried girl. "She doesn't understand that now," her husband-to-be said, with a leer—that is the word to describe his expression. "But—she *will*, she *will!*"

When they left, I prophesied that lack of sexual education would do its harmful bit in what was to follow. I had no chance to see the pair of them before they went to the West Indies for their honeymoon.

They returned; the husband dropped by alone. I asked him how the marriage had worked out. "Something rotten! Mary (the wife) doesn't like making love a bit. Makes her sick, each time. The poor fool actually didn't know a thing about it."

They are on the eve of separating, now. The girl, of this generation, knew nothing in advance of marriage; the husband, with his college and navy acquaintance with prostitutes, was the least fitted man in the world to teach her. What normally should have been an exquisite crest of their relationship, the actual intercourse, became at once a nightmare to the woman—because her husband did not know how to teach her correctly. He is already looking about for other women; and, after all, with his wife's present attitude, that is not unnatural.

The children of the mythical baby-bringing stork are in a hard way, when it comes to the actualities of married life. This is an almost universal source of pre-marital unfitness for marriage. It is curable only by the amplest acquaintance with all the literature on the subject, plus talks with more than one qualified physician as to the dynamic physiology of love in action. If the marriage at present, no matter how long it has existed, is suffering from this lack of education, it is not too late to perfect oneself in the subject. Love-making, after marriage as well as before, is an art, not a haphazard beast-mating. Until the law provides for a widespread adequate education, theoretical and practical, in love-making, every person expecting to be mated, and every mated person, owes it to his or her own, and his or her mate's happiness, to master the subject, as well as may be. The result will inevitably be partly scrappy and haphazard; but life today in the United States offers no better way.

Rending the Veil.—When Catherine of Aragon was married to Arthur, prince of Wales, elder brother of Henry VIII of England, whom she later married, her guardians sought to insist on the Spanish custom of not unveiling the bride to any man's eyes, until after the wedding ceremony had been spoken to the last word. It is largely so that people marry today.

Mates, to be happy, must be physically suited to one another. Many a husband discovers, on his bridal night, that he is unattractive physically to his wife; that she has become frigid to

him; and this condition often never changes. Many a wife discovers, almost as soon, that her body actually does not attract the husband. But they are by now married: nothing to do, but to stand the ensuing unhappiness, until an explosion may come, to blow them apart. . . . or until death comes, to end the tension.

We are getting away from this. Doctors say cynically that every engaged couple experiments in petting, flirtage, and usually in intercourse. This is an exaggeration of the heartening symptom. Engaged couples, in this chaperonless age, do go further than their ancestors did. But they do not go far enough. Nothing but actual trial can demonstrate whether the pair are physically fitted for each other. And such an experiment is contrary to Christian sexual morality; and, while not contrary to the law in every state, is contrary to accepted social usages.

Either the morality, the law, or the social usage should be changed. The latter is changing since Jane Williams, the friend of Shelley, said she would marry Hogg, Shelley's friend, only after a tour of Europe with him had demonstrated that the two were physically fit to be mates. She was regarded as an immoral woman, for this stipulation; and yet there may be common sense in it. If marriage is still regarded as a matter of bargain and sale, the thing is immoral: for if the woman herself, or her parents, are offering her virginity on the marriage market, that is undoubtedly damaged by such a trial. But, as the hero of *Gertie*

said for fifteen months on Broadway, chastity is a vastly overrated thing. You can buy virginity on every side, he continued. This is true: pre-marital defloration does not injure in the slightest man or woman. Widows still marry readily, for instance. . . . Somehow the couple must test out the physical fitness before marriage, in some way most consonant with the law, the morality, and the social usages of the time.

It is easier to test mental fitness, temperamental, emotional, or spiritual fitness; and hardest of all to test the question of capacity for joint mental growth. But this must be kept in mind. Unless the mates—especially if they marry young—can grow together in mind, unhappiness will result.

Mating the Gnat and the Buffalo.—People who have become married, and who are not suitable as mates, are in a bad pickle from the beginning. Any unusual difference between them is a doubtful promise of happiness. Too great difference in age breeds a poison. One party grows old quickly; the other stays young, demanding, as a rule, the pleasures of youth. How can happiness result? After all, like flocks to like. . . . Too great difference in culture, in race, in religion, act in the same way. Each one of us carries around with him, never to be removed, the shadows of his ancestors, with all they shrined as important: if the other's ancestry was entirely different, it is usually impossible for the second mate to understand the importance the first one attaches

to seemingly trivial things, that long ages have enshrined in his stock as highly important.

Men have the best chance for actual education today. Their schooling is better; their education in business or profession, their ampler contacts with other men and women, in office or what not, contrasts with the comparatively sheltered and restricted domestic lives of most women. Many a husband of some brain power is apparently married to a dumb wife, a moron. The poet who praises practically nothing has it:

> A woman, like the touted Sphinx,
> Sits, and God knows what she thinks;
> Hard-boiled men, who never fall,
> Say she doesn't think at all.

Such a husband finds that his wife cannot talk his language at all. Such marriages have usually been contracted early. A girl arrives at her mental and physical peak sooner than a man; she seems all desirable, all intelligent, then. . . . or the poor man thinks he can educate her to his level. Usually he can't. She never reaches it. And he is saddled for life with a mate of mediocre intelligence, that withdraws in upon itself yearly, due to lack of his broadening contacts. There are two sensible alternatives: draw her out of her shell. Get her voluntarily interested in business, or politics, or something; see that she gets the contacts; make two brains grow where one was before. Or, end the unsuitable mating. The time has passed when a woman is supposed to be a bedmate and nothing more. If she is not

a mate in every way, something is wrong, which must be corrected, or no happiness can come.

There are increasing cases of the brilliant woman married to the dumb husband, business bound. A similar treatment must be applied in such cases. Marriage calls for a mating of body, of mind; of every aspect: and for a united front, against the world, of the two mates. If they are not fit to stand shoulder by shoulder, unhappiness must result. With infinite patience the attempt must be made to achieve the real mating; and, if the attempts fail, there is justifiable reason for separation.

There are stranger elements that may come in. I recall the case of a brilliant woman married to a likeable young man who simply refused to work. He expected her to support him. She did her best; and, when he did not alter, terminated the relationship. The financial burden, at best, must be shared. It is immoral to expect either party to Atlas up the joint burden.

And there may be a homosexual component in either or both of the mates, which has a poisonous influence. A thing as deep-rooted as this can rarely be cured. It usually acts as a final bar to real mating; and a false mating has no reason for continuance.

One mate may be unfitted, by reason of absorption in some third party. The son who is still "mother's sweetheart," who has the mother-in-law constantly around, who yields to her deferentially in everything, who holds she is al-

ways right and the wife always wrong in a difference of opinion or usage, has not yet weaned himself from his mother. If he cannot achieve this weaning, he is not fitted to continue a mating. A woman similarly bound to her mother is as unfitted. Relatives have wrecked as many homes as poverty has. The further off they live, as a rule, the happier the marriage is. You have got to face such facts, and act on them. If the marriage, contrary to your intention, develops into a matter of having to marry a whole family of miscellaneous relatives of 57 varieties, you are justified in insisting it either be stripped down to a mating of two, or be terminated.

A friend may be as harmful. There was the case of two young men, architects, studying in Paris, rooming together, friendly as can be. The younger of these met a girl, and wooed her. His friend supplemented his efforts; and, in the end, the older friend married her. The younger man continued to live with the young couple, both in Paris and in New York City. The girl, apparently, cares almost equally for the two men; there must inevitably be a crop of jealousies, ultimately, and some sort of break-up. The symptoms are already in evidence. Late in every evening, there is a strained scene —brief though it be—between husband and wife. They are not quarrelling about the third person to the marriage, of course; it is usually over money, or etiquette, or some other symptom. But the group marriage—and this, like the mother-in-law mix-up, is in reality a variant of the group marriage, for all that the inter-

course is restricted to two people—is a difficult thing to achieve successfully; and all missteps in that direction are questionable.

It must be insisted upon again that the two mates must stand as a unit in all things against the world. They must not argue, or quarrel. Arguments and quarrels are unnecessary. Discussions are necessary, and proper. Arguments and quarrels spring from underlying sources of dissatisfaction, which should be removed. They clothe themselves in this wise: one or the other person says, "This is so." The other denies it. Both may be wrong: but there is a challenge in the denial, and a quarrel—a fight—occurs quickly enough.

I suppose, in my own marriage, one or the other of us sidesteps a dozen quarrels a day, simply by avoiding dogmatism. Last night, demonstrating a bridge problem to my wife, I called for her opinion as to the proper bidding on a certain hand, consisting in part of the king, queen, ten, nine, and two smaller clubs. She said, "It's a club bid, of course, with eighty honors"—that is, with four honor cards, among the ace, king, queen, jack, and ten. But there were only three honors there. I had dealt the cards; I saw it; there was no possible doubt of it. "I think there are only three honors," I said quietly. She insisted again, and again,—misreading the hand—that there were four honors. Nothing to do but smile, and repeat patiently, "I think there are only three honors." And then she saw I was right. In this one case, I was the one who was careful to avoid

the dogmatic statement; I imagine that in the majority of cases she is the one. It almost never happens that both of us make the error of a dogmatic statement. And this method, of qualifying a statement with "I think so—" or "It seems to me—," simple as it is, is one of the major methods of securing unity. Treat everything as subject for discussion; and nothing in the world as worth the dignity of an argument, or a quarrel. Arguments and quarrels arouse the emotions, and leave a deposit of ruffled feelings.

In every problem that arises, the thing to strive for, and secure, is what both of you want: never what one of you wants. The Quakers have this down to a science. They never vote on a question, in their meetings. Instead, they rise, one by one, and express their opinions courteously. Then the secretary of the meeting—there is no president—says, "The sense of the meeting seems to be so and so." If some one still objects, he rises again and states courteously his dissent. This —and every speech made—causes the secretary to constantly reword the suggested "sense of the meeting," until finally something is arrived at which really expresses the sense of what all want. This may sound Utopian: but it works. A subject for discussion arises in the family: shall the holiday weeks be spent in the mountains, or at the seaside? Suppose each has a different idea. . . . the matter must be ironed out, until some substitute agreeable to both is discovered. As far as possible, the perfect mate strives to find the actual

meeting place of mind and spirit with his mate on every question. One likes dancing, the other doesn't; the other likes French pastry, the first one doesn't. All such matters may be ironed out, by a spirit of common sense, compromise, and honest striving to make a success in presenting the united front to the world in everything.

As far as the divided front is concerned, such people have no right to a place in society. The cardinal sin is for a husband and wife, guests in a house, to air their differences in public. It is embarrassing to every hearer. If such offenders come to your house once, it is well to let that once end it. For they are spending social poison; and there is too much of that in the air already.

III. THE MAJOR AFFIRMATIVES

No End of a Honeymoon.—If your honeymoon is over, you had just as well file the divorce papers tomorrow. The honeymoon, that is, the period when both parties are lovers, should continue without end as long as the mating continues. The world judges, and acts, differently: something like the case pictured in the Negro song:

First Month. Set down in my cabin, honey!
Second Month. Stand up, my pie.
Third Month. You go to wu'k, you wench—
You well to wu'k as I!

Two weeks of love, and an ensuing lifetime of strain, tension, unhappiness.

The problem is to secure the mate as a perpetually desired lover. This is difficult, but not impossible. The good Reverend Robert Herrick, that naughty divine of the age of the Stuarts, hinted at one method, when he addressed his Julia, on the occasion of her "churching" after delivering a child to him:

Put on the holy filletings, and so
To the temple with the sober midwife go.
Attended thus, in a most solemn wise,
By those who serve the childbed mysteries.
Burn first thine incense; next, whenas thou see'st
The candid stole thrown o'er the pious priest,
With reverend curtsies come, and to him bring
The free, and not decurted, offering.
All rites well ended, with fair auspice come
As to the breaking of a bride-cake, home;
Where ceremonious Hymen shall, for thee,
Provide a second epithâlamie.

That is, a second wedding hymn—as if she were being married all over again. The next four lines he puts in italics:

She who keeps chastely to her husband's side
Is not for one, but every night, his bride;
And, stealing still with love and fear to bed,
Brings him not one, but many a maidenhead.

Try to grasp the spirit of this: that every meeting between husband and wife in the couch-lists of love, even after childbirth, is like a new wedding encounter; the woman is perennially a virgin.

I knew one husband who held with some strength to his opinion that, after his wife had undergone a casual amour with some other man, she came back to him like a new and different woman. The wife held the same view

toward him. This worked in that particular case; it might not, in certain others. But some method must be found, by which the spirit of the honeymoon persists.

There is this much truth in the ideas vaguely called behaviorism, that the repetition of a physical act evokes the corresponding mental state. My college instructor in public speaking used to stand a young man on the platfrom before the class, order him to think the saddest possible thoughts, and then to go through the mechanism of laughing loudly and continuously before the class. At first, the man's face would be a ludicrous study in mingled sadness and merriment; but slowly the physical act of laughing would triumph, and he would be laughing, almost hysterically, often with tears of joy channelling his cheeks.

This has great value in preserving the honeymoon spirit. If you act like a lover, you begin to feel like a lover.

To the man: what did you do, while wooing the girl? You gave her presents—not costing too much, but still indicating that your heart wanted to be in the right place. A box of candy, perhaps; flowers; nights at the theatre, the movies, a dance hall. You kissed her, a certain way. Do these acts still, increasingly. They always earn an expectedly delighted reception. Perhaps, alas, at first the wife will wonder if they are not conscience presents, due to your having misbehaved, unknown to her; this you must patiently stand, and overcome; your actions have probably earned this.

But, if you persist, you can win back to the loverly attitude. Remember, in almost every case, your wife is still attractive to men she is not married to. See her through their eyes. Perhaps they prize her—men are apt to think so—because they hold her unattainable, or at most not caught by them. Look at her in this light: make it your duty to deserve, in her eyes, to attain her. Revive, resurrect, the honeymoon spirit.

To the girl: what did you do, while being wooed or while wooing? You probably paid more attention to your attire; you flirted and coquetted with your husband. Repeat these acts; be as desirable as you were in the unplowed days. Perhaps you make efforts, successfully, to attract other men; try the same technique on your own mate. Wheedle his desires, by giving him the dishes he is especially fond of; by wearing the clothes he likes especially; by suggesting amusements you know he will like. And so, slowly, you can build back to that dream world of dawn mating.

The dreadful human error is to regard a thing won as a thing of no worth. It is not so. Perhaps it is so with regard to a prize like a gold medal. You have it; there is no more to say. It is not so with regard, for instance, to a garden you have wanted. For the garden requires constant care and tending; and produces its annual of beauty and utility. And a wife—or a husband—is more than a garden. The same tending will produce greater results.

Kiddies, or a Career?—What is the modern

woman, who desires a career, to do, in case children come? Can she have both—or must she give up one, for the sake of the other?

She can have both . . . in a limited degree. Or either, in an unlimited degree. If her nature demands both, the wise thing is to have both. This may mean that she employ a series of nurses, or more or less specialists in child-rearing, to relieve her of the incessant demands of a young child on her attention. If the career desire is implanted deeply enough, this is her only road to complete happiness. The children cannot be shelved—laid away in moth-balls or in a cedar chest—until she has made good in the career, and can then rear them. Neither can the career be laid in moth-balls, until the children grow old enough to cease being a bother. They never become so old, she had as well accept in advance. Their problems alter; but some problems always arise, to take the place of those settled.

The financial element comes in here. If the wife is lucky enough to be earning, from her beginnings toward a career, this will pay for the nurses, or go in this direction. And, if the husband cannot pay the extra money, and the wife is earning nothing, this had as well be faced. The purpose always is to secure the greatest happiness out of life. The children may conceivably be no happier, with, or without, their mother's personal care. Such care works in both directions, no matter how well intended.

Where the children are put ahead of the

career, a set of unnecessary strains develop, which include a tension between husband and wife, growing now out of her dissatisfaction at the aborted career. She is liable to gain no great and abiding love for the child; to be, in fact, like Hoffenstein's heroine, the mother who sings this simple lullaby to her child:

> Go to sleep, my little oaf,
> Mamma's darling sugar-loaf;
> Go to sleep, and stay that way
> For at least a night and day.
> I'm no angel up above—
> Don't abuse my mother-love.
> I can stand so much; and then
> Mamma wants maturer men.
> Sleep, my little plague, sleep tight;
> My complexes are bad tonight.
> And papa's friend is waiting now
> To add a horn to papa's brow—
> So sleep, my onus, sleep, my own,
> For, if you bawl, you bawl alone.

The whole spirit of his lullabies shows exactly how a typical couple regard their child:

> Here is the little doll I brought you—
> It shows the kind of simp I thought you!

Or this one:

> The pansy makes such weird grimaces,
> And imitates all bestial faces—
> But there's a thing it couldn't do,
> And that is, make a face like you.
> I'm sure I've never seen another,
> And that you got it from your mother.

So it is that the modern parent often regards the child. So it is that yesterday's parents often regarded him. But they preserved a discreet shame-faced silence, and took it out on

the child in silence; while today's parents, more healthily, blare it out to the world.

The alternative may present itself this way: live out in the suburbs, for the child's sake, and stagnate mentally, ending the career; or live in the city, for the career's sake, and give the children the disadvantage of the hectic, gas-laden, unhealthy city air. There is no solution to such a quandary, except to make the best of one or the other. The respective pulls of the career versus the child must be carefully weighed; and, if possible, neither given up completely. Life is a compromise, with a price to pay at the end; but, during its continuance, as much happiness as possible should be wrung out of it, for all concerned.

Suburban life means, in the main, mental stagnation. For people of low, or contented infeeding mentalities, this does no harm. For people of brilliant minds, or of restless curiosity, it usually operates as a poison. Part of the year spent in the country is heartening and aidful in every way, for children and adults; but, for people of quick minds, some contact with the world's best thought is essential—and this is increasingly a badge of city life, rather than suburban.

Only last week I heard a mother, a brilliant pianist and composer, announce her decision to live hereafter in the country, for the sake of a ten-year-old daughter, whom she had not wanted, and did not in reality love. A war baby....a young married couple, and in the hysteric parting the night before the husband sailed for France, he, sure that he would be

killed, desired to leave something living behind him, and so the baby was started. He was not killed, not even wounded; and now the baby lives, a wrecking problem. I am not sure whether or not she will go to the country, after all; but she has already given up her music, because its hold is so strong upon her that she cannot share it with her sense of duty toward the child. For this, she hates the child, hates the city, hates her music, almost hates her husband: and otherwise they are perfectly mated. No one can point her the way out of this; no one can point anyone the way out of such a wilderness. It is for each to study all the probable and possible resultants of the courses before one, and to make the best decision, considering all the facts. And, whatever the decision, the best should be made out of that. Live a life that has no after-regrets. Regrets are harmful: accept it, that no matter what your decision has been, it has been right.

Another couple, a friend of these, come to mind. The husband, a painter, is at such a strain with his wife, due to living in the country, that the two are going to separate. The woman is exquisite, and fitted for the stage—her ambition; but she is thirty-five. And she has now decided to live one more year in the country, to let her daughter finish high school there. One more year wasted: her marital life must be taken up afresh with some other man, perhaps; her stage career has not been started; and, at her age, every month's postponement makes success on the stage more doubtful; for

the stage must have its young blood, not its old. I fear that her decision is wrong; but, after all, the most that can be done is to aid her in facing the problem squarely.

Mate, or Mother?—Another wrecking aspect of the problem of children is the balance between continuing as the mate of the husband; or continuing largely or solely as the mother of the children. Many a woman feels that she has not the capacity to be both; and some decide to be one, and some the other. Observation of many of these choices has convinced me firmly that the right answer, in practically every case, is to be the mate, and turn the mother-duty over to an outsider, a nurse or a relative.

For marriage is primarily a mating between two parties, who must thereafter be largely the world of the other sex to the other mate involved. A man wants to have his wife, his mate, to accompany him to the theatre, to dances, to card parties, to whatever amusements he wants in the company of the other sex; and, if his wife is unable or unwilling to go, sooner or later he will find some woman who is willing. And this introduces discord into the mating, and may end it.

I knew a couple of the older generation, living in a little Massachusetts town, who solved the problem right. They had one child, a daughter, whom both adored. But the wife, never once in her married life, failed to be ready, at an hour's notice, to go with her husband anywhere, even on a trip out of town.

The child grew up in the resultant atmosphere of great love between her parents; and in every way she was a child they could be proud of. There was no strain, no tension; the parents were honeymoon lovers for life; the child flourished in this admirable neglect.

I knew another case, of a younger married woman, who felt that her two babies, living in a suburb of Chicago, were the only things of importance in life. She felt that she had reached her peak of happiness in life. when she and her husband owned a lovely little country place, for the children's sake. The husband could not persuade her to accompany him anywhere. The two were intelligent; both of them had been psychoanalyzed, and knew the worth of the process.

Finally she had a dream, after a period when he had successively gone with a number of other women, and in each episode made an attempt to return to the wife, and have her continue as the wife she was failing to be. She dreamed that her husband proposed to her; and that she said to him, "Harvey, I would marry you, if it were not for the children." Clear, isn't it? She says, in the dream, that he proposed: that is, that he asked her to continue to be his mate. She rejects him, "because of the children"—his children, and hers, —deeming, as her unconscious ratified her conscious attitude, that her primary duty was as mother, rather than as wife.

The solution was inevitable. He left her, secured a divorce, and is happily mated now

to a woman who puts wifehood and matehood ahead of everything. Whether the former wife is happy or not I do not know; but at least she is happy as a mother, for which role she is qualified. And she had her choice to make, and made it.

Dollars, or Sense?—Financial problems and alternatives often arise in marriage; and great wisdom is required in solving them rightly. We may as well scratch out in advance all problems arising from marriage where money was the motive. The invariable outcome of such marriages is that the end sought is attained: and that is money, more or less of it. Love was not sought, and is not gained. Love can not be bought or sold or bartered. It is, to most people's thinking, increasingly an error to let the financial element dictate matings. Love is a thing that grows out of chemical affinity into spiritual and mental union; none of these matters are affected by money in the bank.

But, where the object was love and a real mating, money can still engender its problems. Many a husband has made the wrong decision on a typical problem: whether to absorb himself solely in business, so as to make it possible afterwards to get pleasure out of life, including the mating. He has decided to go ahead and bury himself in business. All day at the office; often night work at the office; if not, he brings his office problems home with him, and works them out in the evening, and takes them to bed with them, waking with them primary in his mind. This is absurdly ab-

normal and unnatural. Business is a too-harsh master when it controls all of the day hours; when it usurps the evening, the night, the morning waking, as well, it is a murderous tyrant, murderous toward human happiness.

The wife can not, and should not, placidly accept this. She is, after all, entitled to enjoy her life while youth remains, and before only memories survive. If her husband is too buried in business to escort her to theatres, movies, dances, other parties, she will go alone, and perhaps meet some man who can offer her more of a mating; or go with another man, and sow seeds of discord; or suffer the thing at home, breeding a poison of soul. There is no right way out of it, as long as the husband is absorbed in business. Business is fairly unimportant in the scheme of life: its rewards, while great if they come before the energy of life has gone, too often are postponed until it is too late to enjoy them. Better make each year, each month, each day a source of happiness.

Poverty is a curse, no doubt of that. The most loving pair, faced with lack of money to buy proper lodgings, food, clothing, amusements, forced in upon each other's dismal company, while both suffer under a lack of money, can not fail, as a rule, if the poverty is continued, to reflect it in their living: in a gradually increasing hatred of the life that dooms them to the poverty, and in the nearest symbol of this life, their fellow-sufferer, the mate. Poverty is a social crime. No recent society tolerates it. Germany before the war, the Scandi-

navian countries, many other more advanced countries, have eliminated it. They have not made wealth general; but they have ended poverty. That is, no person need suffer for lack of decent housing, food, clothing, amusements. As long as poverty lasts in this country, and a couple can not escape from its blight, the poisonous effect on the mating must continue. It is inescapable; and, rather than endure a life of bickering, it is better to separate, to let each work out his way alone, or with some other mate. This is, of course, only where the poverty has been so long-continued that the atmosphere has grown to a poisonous tension. If the poverty is only temporary, it may be gaily faced by the united pair, and overcome.

Riches is often as great a curse as poverty. The husband may tinker around his office all day, leaving the wife nothing to do at home. Leisure, with no genuine interest, and no intelligence or disposition to make good use of the excess time, causes a growth of silly and degenerating pastimes, over-indulgence in cards, drinking, parlor flirtation, and the like; with no real home life. Let Samuel Hoffenstein, the laureate of modern failure in marriage, wittily describe the situation:

> But Woman, as they say in Greece,
> Is on the hoof for Bigger Fleece:
> Too long a serf, too long oppressed
> By butter 'n' egg men from the West,
> By whiskered juries, blunt of wit,
> Who take two hours to acquit.
> I hope she finds her proper niche,
> Her why and wherefore, what and which,
> For through the town I sadly roam,
> And note, her place is not the home.

The rich, the leisured class, are comparatively few in number, often corroded by blood, usually in a state of social decay. They are the scum on the pot, which is thrown into the garbage or down the sink soon enough. They are too few to bother with their problems. They have every opportunity to make intelligent use of their time; and lack only the will or the intelligence for this intelligent usage. Most of us will not suffer from over-wealth; and, if we do, perhaps we will use it in the direction of achieving a perfected mating.

IV. THE PURITAN'S CLOVEN FOOT

To Love, or Not to Love.—And now we come to the final fundamental cause of marital bankruptcy: a cause which grows out of a lack of sex education, already referred to; or to miseducation in sex, as we receive it in most churches, Sunday schools, schools, and the like. It is rooted deep in the Christian attitude toward sex; which is, according to the New Testament words of Jesus, Paul, and the later words of the earlier Christian teachers,

1. That chastity is the highest human ideal—that is, abstention from mating for life. This may be secured by:

    a. Voluntary abstention, with its consequent lifelong sex starvation, its tendency toward hallucinations, abnormal mental states, religious ecstasies, and other manifestations of ingrowing sex; or by

b. Emasculation, or a surgical operation depriving a man of his manhood. This was cryptically recommended by Jesus himself, in his "There be those that have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. Those that have ears to hear, let them hear."

2. That marriage is wrong, but that it is "better to marry than to burn"; that is, that marriage is permissible, to avoid excess suffering from non-intercourse.

3. That joy in marriage is wrong, as all earthly joys are wrong; that man and woman are made to suffer, with a promise of heavenly joys as compensation. That mating should be without passion, for the sake of producing offspring, or to alleviate bodily discomfort—never to achieve bodily satisfaction or happiness.

4. That woman is a weaker vessel, "an impure weed," "the gate to hell," the source of original sin, the temptress, the seducer; and that a man should only mate with this lower creature, if he cannot follow one of the two higher manifestations of the highest ideal, lifelong chastity.

All of this teaching is untrue, unnatural, poisonous. It has poisoned the living of the European world long enough. To the contrary,

1. The highest state is a loving mating. Any other state is unnatural.

2. Marriage is right, and its purpose is mutual happiness.

3. Joy in marriage is right; a joyless marriage is as immoral as a loveless one.

4. Woman is man's potential equal, at least; man has oppressed her for centuries, but she is rising now toward real equality.

In spite of the commonsense healthiness of the last viewpoint, the men and women of our country have suffered too long from the poisonous Christian attitude, especially the harsher Puritanic interpretation of it, easily to slip into the natural viewpoint. What have been some of the by-products of this Christian morality?

Men are not artists in love. Love is an art; those are happiest who understand it most fully. But, with no sexual education, save perhaps the warping and spoiling education at the hands of a street woman or women. When men, so mis-educated, come to the marital meeting, they make sex life thereafter a nightmare for the young bride, who is usually more ignorant than they. There are constant instances, yearly, of young women who have gone insane on the bridal night, from the husband's unintentional and ignorant cruelty. There are many more cases of a life-long frigidity, on the wife's part, resulting from the same cause.

We have repeatedly been called in consultation by sufferers from this; and have done our best to give wholesome advice, that might

end the tension. I recall the case of one brilliant young man, an honor student in college, a Rhodes scholar, who came from the middle west to practice law in New York. He married a lovely English girl, ignorant of love practices; and, at first, she did not feel that anything was amiss with the marriage, for all that the intercourse was highly unpleasant to her. There was, as a matter of fact, very little of it.

But her sex-starved condition soon was communicated to her more intelligent girl friends; and they told her that the marriage was on a wrong basis. After talking it over with her husband, the couple came to me for advice. A few questions brought out the whole matter. Yes, the husband had been educated by prostitutes; but he knew that it was wrong. Decent people did not get any pleasure out of the marriage relationship; decent people knew they ought not to.

I spread wide my library for him, and mentally at last he came to accept the opposite idea. Carefully just what was needed was outlined for him and the bride. And they really loved each other, and were otherwise perfect mates.

Three months later, the wife left him. She told us why; and so did the husband. She had begged him to go at the mating differently: to see to it that it was not a nightmare to her, and that she share in the joy of the mated meetings, as well as he. She finally demanded specifically that he do what was necessary to make her happy. And he refused.

"I can't," he said, honestly enough. "I just can't bring myself to do a thing like that. It isn't natural to be happy in this relationship."

So he had been taught, by his stern Christian protestant parents; and so he was bound to think, to the end of his days. The churchly poison had sunk too deeply into his nature; he believed that mating was for only one purpose, the production of offspring: a thing to be hurried through with, and never taken in a spirit of joyous ecstasy. And so the wife, when she saw that he would not alter, took the reins in her own hand, and left him. She found a young man without this miasmic background of false morality; and has lived with him since, marrying him after a divorce was secured from her first husband. She is happy; so is the second mate. Only the first husband, who still loves the ex-wife, is unhappy. But that is his own misfortune, if not his fault. The way out was pointed to him; and, if Puritanic training vetoed his following it, he has only the Puritanic training to blame.

I could list a dozen similar cases, all arising out of the same problem, all meeting a similar solution. One young wife, a French girl who married an army officer during the war, experiencing the same thing, went to the man's mother, and begged her to show the girl how to find happiness in the union. The mother piously rolled her eyes upward: "My dear, women never enjoy it. It is one of the crosses we have to bear." The girl, dissatisfied with this, consulted her girl friends, and finally

specialists on the matter; and, as a result, she too left her husband and has found happiness elsewhere.

There is also the case of the man who is so mis-taught that he could say in passing that love, after all, only meant fifteen minutes a week. . . . If he is normal, if his wife is, neither of them can be satisfied by this.

To show how needful it is to read widely on the subject, I recall the powerful impression made on me, and on many others, by Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata*. Its teaching is that marriage can only be pardoned if a spiritual sympathy exists between the parties; and then only as a means of continuing the race; otherwise it is a breach of true morality. It seeks to eliminate all the carnal, the fleshly, from matings. More specifically, it teaches that, when the sexual union is consummated, a man naturally recoils with hatred from a woman.

I read this, and believed it: it poisoned my attitude toward sex for some time. It is based on something true, deep down in the biological scale. The hatred, the typical Kreutzer Sonata reaction, was self-defense on the part of the male. The story in II Samuel, where Amnon, son of David, rapes his half-sister Tamar, includes the same motif:

> But, being stronger than she, (he) forced her, and lay with her. Then Amnon hated her exceedingly, so that the hatred wherewith he hated her was greater than the love wherewith he had loved her. And Amnon said unto her. Arise, be gone. . . . Then he called his servants that ministered unto him, and said, Put this woman out from me, and bolt the door after her.

Which was done. A factual example of the Tolstoian attitude.

But this is all untrue and poisonous, in matings on a higher scale. Wide reading corrected my error. There may be, at the first, in every mating, a brief period of dislike of the mated woman, since this is biologically rooted deep in the race; but there is also, now that man's flight for self-defense is no longer needed, a sense of gratitude, of veneration, even, toward the woman that has yielded her body's usance. This grows increasingly; the other feeling may be made to disappear entirely. This attitude is as untrue as the rest of Tolstoi's teaching in the book: marriage is not primarily for the purpose of continuing the race; the carnal, the fleshly, should be encouraged, as the groundwork for a successful mating on a higher plane; marriage is true morality, in proportion as the physical groundwork is appreciated, enjoyed to the fullest, and developed artistically.

Where Love Is Not.—A constant modern occurrence is where the husband, in age older than the wife, comes to the marriage already sated with love practices, and has lost interest in the union. The untaught wife has the normal desire for a normal amount of intercourse; the husband is uninterested, does not satisfy his wife, grants her a brief "fifteen minutes a week" or the like. This breeds dissatisfaction and unhappiness on her part; which, unless she can alter her husband's attitude; finds love elsewhere; or find some substitute for the energy that demands utterance, will cause an ultimate explosion.

I knew a couple in just this situation. The husband, who had been in charge of some marines stationed in a remote island, boasted that, before marriage, in five years, he had had hundreds of women. Whether he exaggerated or not, he came to the marriage bed worn out, sated, disgusted, with the physical aspect of love; and did not satisfy his wife. She was strictly moral, Puritanic, in her attitude; but her inner unrest drove her to make advances to a number of men; and, since she could not consider actually violating her marriage vows, to an explosion of gossipy libel and slander that in the end broke off her friendship with all of the people she liked. She spread poison around her; desperately carrying lying tales of one's man's advances and boasts to another, in the hope of winning the second; then carrying tales of this man's advances—which he had not made—to a third, and so on. Her friends are gone, her happiness wrecked—all primarily because the husband did not come to the mating willing and desirous of making a success of it upon the physical field.

Most of all are the cases where women, miseducated under the influence of the Christian or some other strict and unnatural religious teaching, are not willing to share in the normal love practices and ideals. I know of one wife who would yield, but each time with a repetition of the same wail: "But do nice people really do such things?" This gradually killed her husband's love for her, and in due course he secured a divorce, and married happily elsewhere.

Again, men are by nature polygamous, experimental, in love practice; and, while many women are similar, a large number of them, through centuries of teaching of denial in love, in order to keep the woman an intact bargain on the marriage counter, and an intact possession of her husband afterwards, are strict on the question of monogamy. Husband after husband has said to me, "If only my wife could look at sex as I do! I've got to play around; I like a discreet sort of orgy; and I'd like to have her share in it. But she'd drop dead, if I so much as mentioned it . . ."

What do these husbands do, in such cases? As a rule, they look elsewhere, with the opportunities furnished them by long stays from home at the office, or business trips out of town; and they find other women who do not share their mates' resistance to a reasonable amount of byplay outside of the marital relationship. Perhaps men would be more perfect creatures, in your conception of morality, if they were made differently: but they are as they are; and practical morality is concerned with the material it has to deal with. The husbands find the willing women, the discreet orgies; and, since all this must be secreted from the wife, a division of their emotional energy, or libido, is inevitable. If the wife could be brought to approve of such casual matings, the husband would not give a second thought to such easy women, in other respects far inferior to the wife. But, since the wife opposes the whole thing so strongly, this bloats up his casual interest to vast dispro-

portionate heights. He is told he must not; he does, and begins to care for the temporary depository of his loving attentions. At times a divorce is the end; at times unhappiness on his side or the wife's. Such a problem is incapable of solution, as long as the pair do not present a united front to the world on this matter. There must be found some common meeting ground, which will satisfy both.

Constantly the woman's attitude is dictated, in part or wholly, by another matter: her knowledge that she is not as young as she once was, and her fear that her charms have faded, and that the husband will be lost to a younger charmer. Well, no matter her attitude, he is liable to sample around anyhow; and her chance of holding him, if she is really fitly mated, is far greater if she openly enters the lists for his favors against her less gifted younger rivals. The man's problem is similar, when his wife is the recipient of attentions from another man. His best course is to let everything happen in the open. His chances of holding her affections are highly increased by this method.

In strange ways this may work itself out. Many a couple is afraid of the attitude of each other, even after mentally they have come to a unison on the question. An attractive young business man had this sort of understanding with his wife; but, for fear that she did not really approve, he suppressed his desires for other women. Then he moved his wife out to the country, kept an apartment in town for

nights when work kept him in, and began entertaining other women there. Their problem could have been settled, in time, by intelligence and common sense; they have now drifted so far apart. that a divorce is desired by both of them.

One of the better known poets of America has a great desire for philandering. A sense of inferiority, highly unnecessary, in view of his own gifts, drives him out into the field of unfamiliar women. He usually flies low, but for years he has, almost openly, kept up such relationships. His poetry sings of nothing else but his squabbles with his wife at home, and his temporary flights to other arms and charms; with, always as a moral tailpiece, his repentance, and his return to his wife as his haven, after he has visited at every other port. She, also a writer, utters in her poems her own side of the squabbles. A pretty sight for the world! A pretty diet to feed to their readers! And they are really adequate mates in every way, both gifted, both fairly intelligent; but they have never faced their sexual problem honestly, and arrived at a sensible solution.

Not many months ago, I read that he had gone abroad, to secure a divorce in Paris, after a score of years of the marriage. This seemed such a useless breaking-up of a marriage which should have found an easy successful solution. But the world is full of such cases, openly revealed by the divorce court, the writings of the parties concerned, or the truthful gossip

of their friends. All unnecessary, all avoidable . . . all further evidence of the breakdown of American marriage.

V. IS THE SITUATION CURABLE?

A Dismal Point of View.—The situation is not curable, as long as our moral code remains just what it is. This is not to be taken too seriously; for, as all can observe, our moral code is altering constantly. Intelligent modern man has observed clearly that moral values are not permanencies. Incest is highly immoral today, in the eyes of most; it was once a crown of gods and heroes, and a custom in many countries. Adultery is regarded as something of a sin today; it has often been regarded very lightly, and some countries, as Tibet, still expect it. Medieval Europe in certain places and ages always offered the host's wife to his guest for the night, as an expected courtesy. Infanticide is regarded as a sin today; it was a virtue, in certain cases, in primitive Greece, and elsewhere. Pre-marital sexual intercourse is regarded by our moralists as immoral; but the women of Babylon earned their marriage dowries thus, and the daughter of Cheops built a pyramid in Egypt, the story goes, out of money earned before marriage by renting out her body. Cannibalism is regarded today as of questionable taste; living tribes, and all early men, including our ancestors, had their period of regarding it as a virtuous addition to the diet. A recent widow in China is grossly immoral if she eats with chopsticks; she must

use her fingers; yet we hardly would regard her use of chopsticks as an unforgivable sin. And so land after land, age after age, exhibits the shifting of moral values. No matter how poisonous our own values may be, there is large hope that intelligence may, in the future, alter them.

In the future? No, in the present. The alteration is going on all around us. Once it was unthinkable to mention homosexuality in decent society, or in writing. Our stage has shown "The Captive," "The Pleasure Man," and other plays, which reveal this openly, for all that there have been brief conflicts with the authorities over these. Once chastity and virginity were securely enshrined, as woman's be-all and end-all before marriage. What the hero said in "Gertie" as to the cheap unattractiveness of chastity was repeated throughout the whole play of "Paris Bound," which was a Broadway hit for some months.

The daughter of a fashionable old New York family dropped from her pocket-book, on a holiday trip home, two common appliances. Her scandalized mother began to scold her vigorously. The daughter said in wonderment, "Do you want me to get pregnant? All of the girls at school carry them. . ." This of the most fashionable school in New York state!

Another little Junior Leaguer, sixteen years old, repeated, without any sense that it was unusual, that seven girls from the exclusive school she attended had been sent home that year, because they were pregnant. She revealed

that she and her girl friends went through every stage of petting. Pre-marital defloration was a fact accomplished among all of them. And these are the daughters of society and wealth, not the mythical "poor working girl," about whose virtue heaven is so refreshingly excised.

If the girls are doing this, the men are doing more.

The self-supporting girls of today, in business, in professional offices, in every vocation, control their own pocket-books, and have ceased to sell their bodies. But they have enough financial power to live as freely as they wish to. This does not come out of considered intelligent thinking; but out of a loosening of the old morality, and natural yielding to their strong desires, which have been suppressed for so many centuries. This has been by no enactment of congress, or any legislature, by no revision of the written code of morals by a synod, ecclesiastical congress, or by the elders of any synagogue; it has just been a spontaneous moral uprising, overturn, and wholesale revision by the younger generation, girls and boys, of all classes. This is called the jazz era, the age of petting. . . . It is. And this is a wholesome and heartening sign of progress in morality.

Above them, the older generation are affected by—if indeed they did not commence—this revolution in morals. Monogamy never existed, in any pure form, anywhere in the world; but the old system of monogamy-plus-

prostitution has been replaced by a system of monogamy-plus-freelove, with tentative developments in the direction of trial marriage. In the form of companionate marriage, this has achieved a nation-wide notoriety. All the debates and discussions upon the morality or immorality of companionate marriage served one immensely useful purpose: they brought the subject of sexual morality out of the enshrouding veils of social silence, into the open air; and, once people began to think upon the question of sex, there is some hope that common sense may enter in.

Not by legislative enactment, indeed no. The disastrous experiment of the prohibition law should, by now, have taught the country something of the impossibility of legislating "virtue" into people. The law said, "Thou shalt not drink"; man had been used to drinking, in many cases regarded it as highly moral, and even sacred; and so man continued to drink. Each man must be his own legislature, on prohibition, sex, and all other matters. It is true that man, on the average, is not yet matured enough to legislate for himself. He is not yet weaned from the paps of dependence on others for his law-making and guidance. But he is maturing slowly, in spite of all the soothing-syrups to his mentality that are ladled out by the interested purveyors of ready-made thinking for the land. And, sooner or later, he will forsake this legalized unnaturalness and abnormality, in sex and everything, and emerge forward into living in consonance with the laws of life itself.

Steps Toward Betterment.—At the same time, the steps in the revolutionary overturn of harmful moral codes of the past can not be taken generally in defiance of law. It is less that the law should require such and such things, than that it should remove its harmful prohibitions of natural acts, and leave it to men to act unlegislated in an increasingly moral way.

Marriage is one of the vital concerns of life. It is the crown, the culmination, of the mating impulse, which is almost as ancient in life as the food-impulse. The man who avoids food dies soon of starvation; the man who does not participate in a mating dies more slowly, but just as surely, as far as his complete manhood is concerned. A rounded personality can only come from a full, free, happiness-seeking and happiness-achieving experience in mating. The Christian morality of ascetic abnegation and chaste denial may produce a flaming zealot, a half-mad keen sword in the cause of a mythical lord; it can never produce a rounded man or woman.

Important as it is, the custom in the past has been socially to ignore it. Its highest practice is obscure, in the minds of most intelligent men; and this is absurd. Books expounding its lore are legally regarded as indecent; publishers are afraid, as a rule, to produce a straight-talking book on the subject. This first obstruction must be cleared away. The time has passed when a sober, earnest, intelligent discussion of birth control or sexual

morality, should be at the mercy of the smut-minded censors of other people's morality. We must have a free forum for public discussion; and we must legislate out of existence the efforts that seek to bind man forever to follow in the unhappy misled steps of his censored ancestors.

It is ignored in our educational system. Instead of the present cabala of silence on the subject, there should be full, free, frank discussions of sex in school from the start. This will not hothouse the child's interest in the subject. The interest is there, as it is; it is hothoused by the cryptic horrified silence of parents, teachers, elder people generally. Certain facts are true—or, if at all questionable, are proper subjects for investigation by science:

1. Children, soon after reaching sexual maturity, should not have children; since these are inclined to be sickly, above all questions of financial support.

2. Lack of education in the sexual aspects of life is one of the major causes of man's unhappiness, and is easily overcome by an adequate education.

Higher institutions of learning would carry on the education, with talks absolutely frank on the matter. Bring it to the surface; let the individuals concerned understand the alternatives open to them, and make an intelligent decision; instead of, as today, blindly following a social custom, such as the compulsory petting practiced in many of the younger circles.

For instance, there is always the chance that a man will expect an untouched maiden in marriage. This should be intelligently explained to the girls, and have it left to them whether or not they qualify for this vestigial requirement.

Above all, after the education is completed, the marriage scheme needs complete revision. The purpose is to secure happy, contented suitable mates; and this calls for a wide knowledge of the intended. This was not so, when it was commonly understood that the good God sat awake nights making sure that everybody was properly mated; but the making of marriages in heaven is an idea of the past. So a thorough acquaintance of the young people, or older people, mentally, spiritually, emotionally, temperamentally, is needed, to make sure that the couples are properly suited. And the danger of physical unsuitability should be faced squarely, and tested in some sort of trial. Those who mate in blindness earn unhappiness; those who mate with eyes open have an increased chance of happiness.

The matter of divorce must be handled in the same spirit. It is immoral to forbid it, as South Carolina, as the Catholic Church, do. It is immoral to say that a couple who hate one another must legally live in this hatred, wedded indissolubly, in New York State, until actual adultery is committed and proved. It is immoral to say that a loveless marriage must survive anywhere in the world, when either party desires to end it. We will arrive soon at the mental maturity of Switzerland and similar

countries, which permit divorce where either party, after sober consideration, concludes that the marriage is a failure.

The actual sex relationships must be left largely to the natural solution of the parties involved. There will be those who are not happy in monogamy, and require a more liberal living. They say:

You would have love, that savior eternally young,
Be but a Christ who died for a paltry two;
And have, for no ears but our own, that tongue
Of whispering silver utter forth the true
And delicate white wonder of a speech
Whose word is common as the spring or fall,
As unexclusive as the golden reach
Of sunlight, bearing spring and life to all.
And you will learn, before it is too late,
What few have learned, and entered heaven on knowing—
That love must be forever an unlocked gate,
A wind of beauty of its own will blowing;
And then you cannot will love prisoned up,
But you will kneel to its communion-cup.

And again:

And you who hold your loveliness so cheap
It must be hoarded, cereclothed, weighed by grams
In miserly retailing, go and sleep
Your mortal hours—strut your little shams,
Total your ledger, chuckling at the poor whole.
I cannot linger in the miser air
That breeds such sure contagion to the soul.
I must be out somewhere—some lovely where—
Where my heart's lovers, be they many or few,
Dance together when the tambour hums,
And melt in two, or more and more than two,
To the soft pandering of the hidden drums.
And so blossom, so glitter, so find end,
As leaves subside to earth, as waters blend.

The strange thing is that all the bars, all the obstacles, to intelligent living, in sex and

out of it, are man-made. Man may blame them on some deity; but the deity is singularly dumb today, in every way, and the evident fact is that some earlier man misheard his own voice as a god's. They are not only man-made bars; they are bars that are flung by man across the natural step and march of life, and are rigidified there and mortared there by generations of life-starved and sex-starved zealots. The fox had his tail cut off by a trap, and at once proposed that all other foxes have their tails cut off. It is in this spirit that the regulators of the lives of others act: They seek to fit all mankind to their own physical or emotional lacks or peculiarities.

In the end, the effort is futile. For liberty dwells in the soul of man; and even the regulators profess an acceptance of the idea that living in harmony with nature and the universe is the ideal way. It is for each man, each woman, to familiarize himself or herself with these laws, and to regulate their lives thereby. It is thus that happiness comes; and happiness on earth is man's goal.

The marriage outlook is discouraging. Wreckages are seen on every side; unhappiness breeds like a Black Death, and happiness is as rare as snow in July. But it is not impossible of achievement. If intelligence is used in selecting a mate, and if thereafter each party to the mating strives to perfect himself as an artist in love, and in life; and if the two offer a united front to the world, the fugitive goal has been caught already; happiness is not long absent from the well mated heart.